EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. II.—No. 22. BOSTON, JULY 10, 1887. Entered as second-class mail matter.

READY FOR PLAY.

NELLO'S TEMPTATION.

BY ANNIE E. PURINTON.

OU would have said Nello's home was the funniest place in the world, if you could have seen it; and then you would have wondered why he was n't afraid to sleep in the tower of an old, tumble-down church. But Nello never dreamed of fear. Behind his unlocked doors he slept as securely as the young prince in his palace. When the wind blew, it was a little inconvenient, — Thump! thump! Bang! bang! all night long. It would seem as if all the rats and mice (and in the old building there were many) were dancing a jig just outside. Perhaps they were determined to spoil Nello's nerves. But, bless you! Nello could n't tell you anything about nerves, or what they meant. The bats might fly in and out through the open window as they chose. He would have thrown his rag of a jacket at any presumptuous enough to alight on his bed-post, have shouted manfully to frighten away the scampering mice, and then would have turned over and hugged himself in the blanket to keep himself warm, and in two minutes would have been fast asleep again.

Nello could neither read nor write. He had never been taught anything except to say his prayers to the picture of the Holy Virgin which stood in the niche in the wall just outside his window. It was a very simple prayer; "Holy Mother, keep me!" was all he said. I dare say he would never have said that, had not Padre Stafand early taught him the lesson of fear toward the Holy Mother. He dared not go to bed without praying for that nightly blessing. Perhaps Padre Stafand was the best friend he had. The Padre had tried to raise him out of his ignorance; but there were insuperable obstacles at the very start. Nello would not learn; he could never be found the day he was to go to the Padre. The old man was no match for the strong will of the boy.

"I don't like it," whimpered Nello.

"It is n't a question of like, it is must. You'll be better off in the end," said the Padre, rapping him sharply with his birch rod.

But the end was very far off to Nello. It was much better lying out in the sun with the other *lazzaroni*. He did not want to read; and as for writing, that was impossible.

Nello came off conqueror, as Padre Stafand gave up in despair. He was good-natured, but very lazy, — "A wicked boy," the Padre would say mournfully. And then a tantalizing remembrance of how good the beer tasted that came from old Giovanni's stall yonder would cause him to drop his book and bid Nello fetch a quart; and making up his mind that the boy was a bad bargain, he would bury his woes in long, deep draughts.

There was but one duty that he made Nello perform, and that he did faithfully. The lamp that burned in front of the Virgin must be cleaned and lighted nightly. Nello must do it. "The curse of the Church will fall on your head if you even once fail," said the Padre; "and it would be decent to pray that the Holy Mother would make you over, make you industrious, make you grateful."

But naughty Nello was quite satisfied with himself as he was, so he framed his own prayer. He had been used to curses; he knew very well what they meant, and he was afraid: so he dared not omit lighting the lamp for a single night. Use becomes second nature; but first through fear, and then through love, he did his duty. His imagination, vivid as it always is in children, jumped to the conclusion that the Holy Mother took care of him. Various tokens he silently laid at her feet, — a bunch of fresh violets, some withered roses he found in the street, bright nosegays of daisies and buttercups; and then, most wonderful of all, a pair of doves built their nest in the niche behind her. Presently there was a nestful of young ones, stretching up their long, featherless necks and clamoring for food. There were three of them, and he gave them each a name, — Tessa, Frisetti, and Pippo. Many a night Nello went to bed supperless for the sake of giving the doves his dry crust.

Nello was almost alone in the world. He lived with Maso, an old cripple who crept down the long stairs day after day to sit in a certain place in the Piazza di Spagna. He paid so much for the privilege; for Maso was a beggar, and begging is almost as much of a business as any other occupation in Rome. Here in the famous Piazza a line of crippled beggars would take their position. They would thrust out their diseased limbs, and to every passer-by cry out: "*Excellenza! Miserabile!*" Doubtless they got a very good living. But if Maso made money, Nello was not the gainer. He got only kicks and blows from the old man. But he was used to them; he was used to being half starved and half naked, — that was the way of the world, he thought; and he forgot all about his troubles when he came down into the alley to toss marbles or throw stones into the Tiber that flowed so sluggishly along that Nello never dreamed what stories it could tell of past power and grandeur. Rome with its palaces, with its history, with its churches filled with art, — that he knew nothing of; but Rome with its ruins, with its tumble-down houses, where from casement to casement hung long lines of white clothes, with its dark alleys, where hardly a bit of light penetrated, — this was his Rome, the Rome he knew and loved. No need of history for him. Out of his tower-window he saw the purple hills, the azure blue of the sky, and over there on the wide Campagna was his playground.

In the long, bright days he had many chances for play. Out there, too, he had a companion, — little Babo, the goatherd's daughter. Among the old tombs with the refuse bits of marble they built wonderful houses. A row of such houses they called Rome. Then Nello could scale the ruins like a little monkey. He was bold and courageous, while Babo would cry in terror when she saw him on the loftiest ridge of some old wall. But he only laughed at her fears. "If you are not afraid, you will not fall," he said, coming down firmly on his feet. "After all, she is only a girl," he thought, a little scornfully. He wished he could get up higher. He knew the nest of almost every bird that flew above him. For shade the children climbed up into the knotted branches of the olive-tree, and for lunch they sucked the juice from the wild grapes that climbed over the rocks. So you see the world was not such a bad place, after all, for Nello. The sun shone brightly, and the air was very sweet.

Sometimes travellers passing by would look at the children. Very few took the trouble to make their acquaintance, but the good-natured ones would carelessly throw them a centime. It was a bad practice. The children learned to watch for the coming of the tourists who carried their red guide-books and poked with their long sticks among the grass and stones. "I wonder what they are looking for," whispered Babo in soft Italian as she and Nello stood in the background watching them curiously. But Nello knew no better than she. After the party had left, he examined the marble that the man with the spectacles was looking at. It was a bit of porphyry; but Nello knew no difference between that and a common stone. "I can't tell the difference," he said; "I am sure it 's all the same thing. It 's only a plaything, after all;" and he took it up and threw it at a distant object.

One day the children had a surprise. It was early in April, when Rome was full of strangers. Nello and Babo had lunched almost every day on roasted chestnuts that they had bought with the centimes thrown them by passing strangers. Nello took good care to spend the money before he went home. His ragged pockets could not hide his fortune, and the greedy Maso would have been sure to take the money from him. Brought up in ignorance and neglect, the child was early learning the lesson of deception.

Spring had come. The spongy turf was turning from the dingy brown to the tender green. The frogs in the marshes piped out their noisy chorus in the nightfall. The ivy with its dense green vine covered the naked ruins, and from out every crevice shot forth fresh weeds. Birds, darting here and there, found in the new growth hiding-places where they could build their nests. In front of Babo's cottage the father spaded his small garden-patch. Bright days were these. Wherever the children turned, they found the daisy and the violet springing at their feet. They sat in the midst of them, and, twining the daisy-stocks into each other, made long chains, — one a wreath for Nello, for he was hatless, and then a garland for Babo.

The old tombs were splendid places for hide-and-seek. It was Nello's turn to hide. Little Babo always found it hard to find him; he was apt to choose inaccessible places.

"I will hide somewhere between the olive-tree and the brook," said Nello, by way of encouragement. "Shut your eyes, and don't you open them until I whistle; then look sharp!" and off he went.

It was a long hunt. Babo would have given up in despair had she not now and then been cheered by a low whistle which assured her Nello could not be very far off. But the whistle misled her; she wandered farther and farther away from him. "Little goose!" said Nello, boldly stepping forth from his hiding-place.

He was confronted by a strange and unexpected vision. It looked like the big wax doll that stood in the shop-window on the Corso. There was the blue gown, the drab coat with its double coachman's cape, and the stiff beaver hat, under which hung curls that looked like spun gold. Nello looked, and then winked as if dazzled. He was conscious for the first time that he was very ragged and very dirty, as under the beaver hat two eyes were taking him in with wide-open curiosity. They accepted quite as a matter of course the sudden apparition. And she was n't a doll, for presently she spoke.

"How do you do?" she said, very sweetly. "What are you doing out here, and won't you pick me some daisies? They are very pretty," she said, with her eyes fixed upon his wreath.

Poor Nello! he had no manners, and he did n't know what she was saying. He entirely forgot his *rôle* of beggar.

"Why don't you speak?" giving him a little dab with her parasol. "But, dear me! I don't suppose you know what I am talking about. Papa!" she called out, in her clear, childish voice.

Her cry quickly brought a lady and a gentleman upon the scene. There was no difficulty in Nello's recognizing them, and the problem of the doll's presence was explained. There was the inevitable red book, and of course this lovely creature was only a child belonging to a party of tourists that could be seen every day on the Campagna. If he had forgotten before, he quickly recovered himself, and under his wreath of daisies smiled and nodded energetically; and then thrust out his little brown hands and cried, "*Excellenza! Miserabile!*" just as he had done a thousand times before.

The lady and gentleman both laughed. How could they help it, to see this little wood-nymph, glowing with health and radiant with beauty, crying out the piteous wail of "*Excellenza! Miserabile!*" But the little girl was moved to compassion. "*Poverino!*" she cried, in his own tongue; and in another moment she had poured into his open palm a handful of centimes.

"There, there! Margaretha, that will do," said the gentleman.

The lady was looking at Nello through her eyeglasses. "What a cherub, George!" she said with delight. "He is pretty enough to be devoured!"

"Or painted," added the gentleman, looking at the boy critically. "I have found my model at last."

When Babo found Nello, after a long search, he was seated on a block of marble, and spread out before him were ten bright centimes. He had forgotten all about Babo, though to do him justice I am sure he would have remembered her when he exchanged his centimes for chestnuts.

"See! see!" cried Nello, springing up. "How remarkable! I can hardly believe it. We can always have good times now!" And then in one breath he told his wonderful story, — how the gentleman had bade him come to his studio in the Via Ripetta on the following afternoon and for many days. "I am to be a model," he said, stretching himself up to his full height. Then he told how the little girl, who looked just like the doll on the Corso, had poured into his hands the centimes. "And now we will go and spend them; that is the right thing to do," he said, rising, and taking Babo by the hand; then they turned their faces toward the city.

"Babo, what is a cherub?" asked Nello suddenly, as they were trudging along. He did not often ask Babo for information; he considered himself much the wiser. But this was a poser, — a cherub!

Babo was silent for a long time, dimly flattered by Nello's question, and quite determined to answer it. They had now come to the city. Just off from the Corso they entered a side street.

"Nello, come here," Babo said, and drew her unresisting companion beside her. Before them were the high walls of an old palace. Hewn out of the stone, and artistically fashioned, was a face. From its open mouth spurted out a stream of clear water. Hundreds of children as they passed stopped to put their mouths close to the opening, and imbibed the pure, fresh draught. "That 's a cherub," she said, pointing to the puffy cheeks and wide-spread mouth.

"Oh, oh! it 's only a hole in the wall," he said disappointedly. "And yet he wants to paint me," he said to himself. "It 's because I am so ugly," he thought; and he remembered the man with the spectacles, who carefully wrapped up the ugly red stone.

The children had a royal feast that day. They got a loaf of brown-looking bread, which tasted to them very delicious, a slice of yellow pumpkin, and a lapful of oranges. To be sure, they had no china or glass to eat them from; but as their taste in that direction had never been developed, that was of small consequence. Nello had two centimes left, and with them he bought some corn for the doves. So Tessa, Frisetti, and Pippo came in for their share in the happiness of the day. Evidently the doves held the opinion that corn was very good eating; and they alighted on the children's shoulders, crying "Curoo! curoo!" which meant "More! more!"

"One can never satisfy such greedy little things," declared Nello. But Babo smoothed down Frisetti's gray crest; and although her crop bulged out by over-feeding, Babo would gladly have given her more.

"Let me carry Frisetti home, dear Nello; do, do!" cried Babo, with a sudden feeling that she could not be separated from her for a single moment. "I want her for my very own," she said, stroking down Frisetti's feathers tenderly.

Nello laughed. "She shall be your very own; but it would be a thousand pities to separate them. See how happy they are! She would pine for the mother."

Babo looked at her soberly. Frisetti had jumped from her shoulder, and was walking along the edge of the niche. Babo had nothing more to give her, and Tessa and Pippo were more attractive now.

Babo gave a sigh. Yes, she would pine for the mother, and the dear Virgin guarded them. It was better so.

"Next week I will bring her to you," said Nello to her, as if in answer to her sigh, "and you shall have her one long day." Next week! It seemed forever; but Babo must be content.

The next morning Nello began his new life. Now for the first time he was to use his wits, and gain what older people call experience. His heart beat very fast as he entered within the high walls of the palace garden. He had never seen anything half so splendid as this before. There were gay flowers everywhere, — beds laid out in geometrical patterns and bordered with trim-cut box. Bright and beautiful as they were, they were not Nello's old, familiar friends. The rose-colored tulips might bloom on at their leisure, he would never dare snap off their heads. Trimmed yews stood up like sentinels to guard the particolored masses, and the under-gardener growled out a threat as he discovered the invasion of this ragged little boy. Nello passed on into the hall. The walls were hung with portraits of knights in armor and ladies in satin gowns. Every one was staring at him. He felt awed and bewildered, and received but slight encouragement to return the glance. He passed through room after room; there seemed no end of them. Each one was more beautiful than the last. Long draperies fluttered at the open windows, and in every nook and corner stood white marble figures.

Presently he entered a room where the artist was standing before an easel. To the child, amidst all this new grandeur the stranger seemed like a familiar friend. Nello jerked off his hat respectfully. It was conveniently old and limp, and he crammed it into his pocket. He was quite as ragged as the day the artist met him on the Campagna, only now with the advantage of clean hands. But the artist wanted Nello to put on different clothes. So the boy was obliged to submit to be dressed in a queer costume, and was then told to stand in a certain position for ten minutes by the gilt-faced clock that stood on the mantel.

(*To be concluded in our next number.*)

History and Biography.

A GLIMPSE OF GARIBALDI.

BY KATHERINE HAGAR.

Bessie's aunt had written that she would join her sister's family on the twenty-seventh of March, 1879, and Bessie and her governess had promised to meet her at the station. After a rapid ride in a carriage through the new part of Rome, they approached the magnificent church of Santa Maria degli Angeli. But they could only glance at the beautiful building, for to their surprise they saw a large crowd of Italians, men and women, surrounding the station opposite the church.

When they applied for admission to the railway station, and with their stammering efforts to speak Italian tried to tell the station-master of their object in coming, their request was denied, — for, as he explained to them, Garibaldi was expected on the next train.

"The same train that Aunt Lizzie will come on!" said Bessie. "Oh, now they must surely let us pass! we may never again have such a chance to see Garibaldi, the hero of Italy."

They remembered his brave achievement and ardent hopes, the love and devotion of the Italians for the patriot, the martyr-like spirit with which he greeted the soldiers who flocked to his standard in 1859: "In recompense for the love you may show your country, I offer you hunger, thirst, cold, war, and death! Who accepts these terms, let him follow me!"

So they entreated the official; and moved by their eagerness and enthusiasm, by the glowing eyes and mantling color of the young girl, he at last yielded so far as to send them to the Superintendent, who on this occasion was in his office. Although no admission into the interior was permitted that day except to certain officers and to the friends of Garibaldi, yet as the two American ladies protested that they were his friends, adding also something about the lady who was travelling alone and whom they wished to meet, he finally consented with a shrug of his shoulders, as though half amused and half tired at their pertinacity.

Soon they saw the hero, carried on a litter by six men, dressed in the characteristic red shirt and gray trousers. "He never wore a badge of generalship, such as gold lace, slashings, and other mockeries; he was content with being Garibaldi, his modesty as great as his glory." His calm sad expression, his lofty brow, his almost Saxon hair and beard now streaked with gray, his Italian eye, more brilliant than ever as contrasted with the pallor of his face, and his singular look of decision would have attracted attention and admiration from any stranger.

The crowd of two or three hundred men with earnest faces, as if they too might strike a blow for liberty, — Garibaldi's friends, — was hushed into solemn silence. The stern sympathy that filled all hearts as they realized the suffering and disappointment of their patriot, who twenty years before had declared that his "mission was to free millions of enslaved brothers," could be seen in the faces of these friends assembled to welcome him. He smiled as he recognized them, but in his weariness and exhaustion he could not speak.

When you have no observers be afraid of yourself.

Our Letter-Box.

THE Editor is pleased to hear from Myrtie, and hopes she will write again. He would also acknowledge letters from G. E. M., R. L. M., and S. E. G., who solved the enigmas in No. 19.

DEAR EDITOR, — I have a very nice teacher, and she said we ought to write to you ; so I thought I would. I like the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY very much. There is nothing I enjoy better than reading your paper. Our Sunday-school is small but very pleasant, and we hope to add to our number the coming year.

From one that loves to read your paper.

MYRTIE.

UNION CITY.

ENIGMA XXIII.

I AM composed of 9 letters.
My 1, 8, 6, is a domestic animal.
My 2, 4, 5, is a pronoun.
My 7, 3, 9, is an abbreviation.
My whole is a great feast-day.

CHARLESTON, S.C. NETTIE WALTER, Aged 12.

ENIGMA XXIV.

I AM composed of 28 letters.
My 8, 15, 21, 3, 28, was a President of the United States.
My 26, 3, 12, 13 — 27 — 18, 14, 2, 13, is what every one should do.
My 4, 27, 8, 3, 28, is a wholesome beverage.
My 18, 3, 12, 28, 15 — 24, 7, 13, 5, 20, 2, was an English explorer.
My 3, 1, 28, 21, 15, is not late.
My 21, 6, 22, 8, is not to be found.
My 10, 24, 11, 12, is to avoid.
My 16, 23, 9, 25, 19, 26, is where children are taught.
My 17, 28, 15, is to weep.
My whole is what I am.

RUBIN.

ENIGMA XXV.

I AM composed of 69 letters.
My 50, 44, 62, 6, 12, 58, is a body of land.
My 55, 15, 34, 51, is an animal.
My 20, 11, 10, 13, 47, 25, 17, is a city in Germany.
My 17, 57, 61, 23, 40, was a great general
My 68, 21, 7, 57, 11, 17, 36, 1, was a naval officer.
My 48, 67, 46, 58, 50, 16, 3, is a small fish.
My 27, 56, 14, 16, 69, 32, is an island in the East Indies.
My 2, 8, 57, 16, 18, 19, is a disagreeable insect.
My 9, 57, 34, 22, 49, cold brings.
My 29, 39, 26, 45, 60, is a part of the human system.
My 4, 63, 28, 37, 54, is a musical instrument.
My 31, 32, 57, 59, 65, is a useful animal.
My 66, 24, 41, 61, 57, 21, is a great desert.
My 30, 53, 43, 35 — 35, 56, 8, 25 — 30, 50, 62, 55, is a bird.
My 64, 3, 59, 38, is an adjective in the superlative degree.
My 52, 5, 61, 66, 54, is to torment.
My 33, 42, 32, 14, 65, borders water.
My whole is a Proverb.

LITTLETON. H. B. PRIEST.

ACROSTIC IX.

1. Two sisters who loved Jesus.
2. One of the disciples first called.
3. The incredulous disciple.
4. A Gentile who was associated with Paul in his work, and to whom one of Paul's Epistles is addressed.
5. The ruler of Judea who imprisoned Peter, and put James the brother of John to death.
6. A country of Europe in whose capital Peter and Paul are said to have suffered death.
7. The high-priest before whom Jesus was first tried.
8. The name of two of the disciples.

Answer: The disciple chosen to take the place of Judas Iscariot.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

56. When was the Feast of Pentecost celebrated?
57. What other names were given to this feast?
58. What were the principal features of its celebration?
59. What were the sacrifices required for the feast?
60 What festival of the Christian Church takes its place?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN No. 20

CROSS AND SQUARE NO. 3.

S O L O M O N.
H X I
U A S
S H A M G A R
H I O
A D C
N I N E V E H

Acrostic vii. Herod. Egypt. Revelation. Olivet. Damascus. Iscariot. Athens. Stephen. — Herodias.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Honor thy father and mother.
2. Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy.
3. Thou shalt not steal.
4. A good name is better than precious ointment.

For Youngest Readers.

BUFF.

BY G. D. P.

BUFF is a big, black dog. He is so big that when he comes bounding into the house with his master, little Gladys runs and jumps on to a chair that she may not get knocked over, and even Ruth puts out her hands and says, "Go away, Buff!" Not that Buff is ugly, or that any one is really afraid of him. It is only that his play is rather rough for little girls ; and being a dog, he does n't understand that it hurts to fall down.

But I wish you could see him play ; there is nothing he loves so well. He likes to play tag, or bean-bags, or ball ; but best of all, he likes to play with Gladys's mouse.

While we are quietly reading, Buff will go nosing about Gladys's playthings, and when he has found the mouse, — which is a very commonplace one, made of gray cotton-flannel, — he will bring it to his master, and then frisk about with the brightest eyes, begging for a game. If Uncle Tom can spare the time for a frolic, then we have a great scramble. The mouse is held up high and Buff jumps for it ; or it is passed from hand to hand and Buff goes after it, round and round, till Uncle Tom is tired out, if Buff is not.

Whenever we dance with the little girls, or play "Round the barberry-bush," Buff thinks he must join in, and Ruth laughs and shouts to see him *chassée* with Uncle Tom, holding on to his coat-tail, while Gladys scrambles into a chair to view the fun.

Buff cannot imagine that anything should go on in the family in which he is not concerned, and really I should not think he could. He does n't exactly sit at the table, but he goes out to meals and sits very patiently beside first one and then another, waiting to be fed. If he thinks he is not properly noticed, he will put up his paw now and then and give us a gentle pat, or his nose will come suddenly over the table-edge and his eyes will say as plainly as our tongues can, "Don't you mean to give me anything to eat?"

You must understand that Buff has a nice dish of meat in the shed, but that is always left till later. He prefers to eat in the dining-room, and he will eat almost everything that is fed to him from the hand. Doughnuts he is specially fond of, and he will tease for them very persistently.

His master has the habit of filling his pocket with muffins or doughnuts when he starts down town in the morning, and quite often Buff prefers to wait for a ten o'clock breakfast ; for all the doughnuts and muffins that go into the pocket are for him. You see what a petted dog he is !

Buff leads a very happy life. Even at Christmas he is remembered with a bow of bright yellow ribbon for his collar ; and when Gladys has her picture taken he goes with her and has his taken too. He sits very erect and very still, and is very proud and fond of the little girl who stands by him. I wish every dog had as good a home as Buff has, but I am afraid that very few dogs have.

The other day I heard a gentleman telling about the people who live in Japan, which is a far off country. He had a great deal to say about their kindness to animals. He said that the boys there never throw stones at the dogs. Travellers sometimes do, to see what the dogs will do ; and they always run towards the traveller, expecting to get something to eat, or else that the traveller wants to play with them. Just think of a whole country full of such good children and such kind men and women that the dogs are not afraid of a stone ! If we could be like the people of Japan in that respect, then every dog would have as good a home as Buff has ; and Ruth thinks that if she could n't be a little girl, she should like to be a dog and belong to Uncle Tom, — and I quite agree with her.

A SUNDAY MORNING IN HOLLAND.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

THE POLAR BEAR.

BY S. L. CLAYES.

Far away, amid the snows, the everlasting ice, and the bitter cold of the Arctic regions, is the home of the polar bear. Among these inhospitable ice-fields he not only lives but thrives, attaining to an even greater size than do any of his kindred in more favored lands. The tip of his nose and his claws are jet-black, contrasting with his fur, which is of a silvery whiteness, though showing sometimes a tinge of yellow. It is short and thick upon the head and neck, longer and softer upon the legs and hinder parts. The soles of his feet are also covered with long hair, which enables him to move without slipping upon the ice. His head is comparatively small, and much flattened; his ears small and round, and his legs short and strong. He often measures ten feet in length, and his weight ranges from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds. He is very fierce, and is possessed of great strength; but it is seldom, and never unless he be brought to bay, that he resorts to the hugging and boxing so universal in the fights of the black and grizzly bears.

The polar bear does not go far away from the sea, and is nearly as much at home in water as upon the land, — for he swims as well as he walks; he is even capable of making long springs in the water, and is skilled in diving. Captain Sabine states that he once came upon a polar bear swimming in Behring's Strait, about midway between the shores, — which are forty miles apart, — and that there was no ice in sight upon which he could climb for rest. Walrus, seals, and fish form his principal food, though he does not disdain to vary his diet by devouring birds and their eggs, or even the floating body of a dead whale, should he chance upon one. He is always upon the lookout for animals sleeping on the ice, and exhibits much cunning in his manner of approaching them, which is necessary; for these creatures, when alarmed, dive at once into the water through some hole, or crack, which they take care to be near.

One day a walrus, nine or ten feet in length, raised himself in the water, carefully looked around, and then drew himself upon the ice, and, after rolling about for a while, lay basking in the sunshine until he fell asleep. A bear soon crawled stealthily upon the ice, a little distance away, and began also to roll about, but took care with each roll to lessen the distance between himself and the walrus. The walrus having wakened, and being suspicious of these approaches, drew himself up and looked at his playful neighbor, when the bear instantly became motionless, as if falling asleep. Soon, however, he began to lick his paws and move just a little nearer to the walrus, who on his part was far too wary to suffer himself to be so easily deceived, and dropped with a sudden plunge into the sea. The bear, quick as thought, followed him, and shortly emerged again, dragging the dead body of his prey after him upon the ice.

When pressed by hunger a bear will sometimes come some little distance inshore in search of roots and berries. His manner of moving when on land is said by Captain Lyon to be "a kind of shuffle as quick as the sharp gallop of a horse."

As the polar bear passes the greater portion of his time upon the fields of ice, it often happens that they drift with him far out to sea. He is not infrequently carried in this way greater distances than would be thought possible, — one having even been known to land upon the coast of Newfoundland, where his arrival proved most disastrous to the inhabitants. Having a fine appetite after the enforced fast of his voyage, he at once made a raid upon their herds of sheep and cattle, lived at his ease, and dined every day off the best in the land. Presently, however, the people, pushed to desperation, banded together in protection of their precious flocks, and set on foot a war of extermination which soon rid them of the greedy marauder.

There is in one respect a very curious contrast in the habits of the male and the female polar bear. The male never hibernates, remaining as wide-awake and active during the winter as the summer months; while the female lies down for her winter sleep in November, from which she apparently does not awaken until March. About Christmas she usually gives birth to two cubs, who lie quietly beside her until her time comes to leave her winter quarters.

Like all other bears the female polar bear has the greatest affection for her young. A story is told of some polar explorers who, finding a bear with two half-grown cubs upon a field of ice, pursued the party. The mother at first urged the little ones to greater speed; but when she found that in spite of their best endeavors the men gained upon them, she half-carried, half-pushed her cubs before her, and at last began fairly to toss them forward upon the ice. The little creatures sagaciously placed themselves before her in the best attitude to receive the impulse, and when thrown forward, ran as fast as they were able until she again overtook them, and gave them a fresh impetus. It is pleasant to know that her efforts finally proved successful, and that all three escaped unhurt.

On another occasion three bears, a mother and two cubs nearly as large as herself, approached a ship. At first the sailors amused themselves by throwing out to them large pieces of a walrus they had killed the day before. The old bear came near, lifted one of the lumps of flesh and carried it to her cubs, which remained a little distance away. She then divided it, giving a share to each, her own being by far the smallest. This she repeated again and again until, as she was carrying off the last piece of meat, the sailors aimed their guns at the group, and firing, killed both the cubs and wounded the mother severely. With difficulty she dragged herself to the spot where her children lay, carrying in her mouth the last piece of walrus flesh. This she placed before them, dividing it and urging them to eat. When she found that they were unmoved by the attraction of the food, and deaf to her entreaties, she drew nearer, caressed them with her paws, and endeavored to lift them up, moaning all the while most pitifully. Finding this of no avail, she dragged herself off to some distance, then turned and called them to follow. As they did not come she returned to them, smelling them and licking their wounds, then again retreated, calling them and moaning. A third time she came back, and with even greater signs of fondness, pawed, licked, and smelled their bodies. At last she saw that they were dead, and raising herself as far upon her hind legs as her condition would permit, growled with the utmost ferocity. Upon this the sailors fired again; she fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

By humility, and the fear of the Lord, are riches, and honor, and life.

LEND-A-HAND PAPERS.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

NO. 3.

"Look up and not down;
Look forward and not back;
Look out and not in;
Lend a hand."

Within the last few weeks the question has been asked me many times, "What practical work can the boys do in their clubs?" Every mother and teacher, who is in earnest, has given the subject more or less consideration. Sewing can always be done by girls when all else fails. But what can the boys do? The very life and activity which find an outlet in what we call mischief, is a most powerful ally in "lending a hand." But the work must be made attractive, and the culmination must be kept continually before the boys' minds.

Among the Lend-a-Hand clubs there are many composed of boys, and they are among the most active and energetic clubs in the organization. Without doubt their teachers are teachers of forethought. Let us look over some of the work, and see what has been done and what can be done by these same boys.

First, I would call attention to the "Harry Wadsworth Helpers," of which an account was given in the last paper, and what that club did, not only for others, but for itself.

In the Home for Destitute Children in Brooklyn a club was formed three years ago. This club is exclusively a boys' club, and they say frankly that they do not care to have the girls belong. This is a case, where if in any, the lookout was poor for lending a hand. But the spirit is willing and strong, and the boys find even in their limited quarters opportunities for helping others. We can all find the same, but with shame be it said we think them too small. But the good Father does not know what we mean by great and small opportunities. He only recognizes the willing, loving hearts which answer to His call, and the ready feet and hands which do His bidding. This is what they do in the Home for Destitute Children: —

"We *help* Ann Daly carry in and out from the yard the great baskets of clothes; we *help* to carry up coal and to sort out the potatoes. One of our number lent a hand with a will the other day, when one of the tubs overflowed and there was almost a deluge in the laundry. But above all the rest, we feel that the little new-comers (boys) to the Home are under our special protection. They often look scared and lonely when they first come out to the playground; so if there is snow, we give them rides on our sleds, and try to cheer them up a bit and make them feel at home. One of our members reports that with all his might he *helped* another boy to eat a piece of cake a day or two since. We are now threatening to discipline him for a false interpretation of the spirit of the Club."

In 1882 the "Harry Wadsworth Club" of Springfield was organized. It was composed of boys just entering manhood, — from fourteen to eighteen years of age. As every teacher knows, this is the age when it needs every faculty of a wise leader to be on the alert. Evil is made very attractive to homeless boys, and we must look to it that good is made equally so. The account of the first years of work of this successful boys' club is too long to print here. It is however worth the reading, and may be found in "Lend a Hand" for April, 1886. Early in the year 1886 the Club established a free reading-room for boys. This room is open every evening from seven to

half-past nine o'clock. The object is to "provide a place where boys can meet socially and find interesting reading-matter, games, etc., with 'bright, cheerful surroundings,' which shall serve as 'counter attraction to saloons and low places of resort,' hoping to cultivate a taste for pure, healthful reading and amusement, and develop manly Christian character among our younger brothers." Any one who has seen the pleasant room, tastefully but simply furnished and decorated, with its games, music, magazines, and books, warm and bright, will not wonder that with its hearty welcome to boys it is carrying out its object, and is a "counter attraction to saloons," etc.

Grandmothers, grandfathers, uncles, and aunts are good things for a boys' club to help. It is true that the "poor we have always with us." It is not hard, therefore, to find some invalid or infirm person, some aged one, leading a lonely life, with little to brighten the remaining days. How easy for a club of boys to make that their duty, — to provide by their own self-denial the comforts which that poor body lacks! The very sight of a boy's bright face, if he comes in kindness, is a cheering thing

General Marshall tells us that there are Indian boys who need our help. Cannot a club adopt an Indian boy, agreeing to provide the simple necessities of his simple life? Can they not try to enter into his life by means of letters, and by sending him a ball, a book, a game, or something dear to a boy's heart? It is not money alone that does good. Every boys' club can go out of *itself* and give *itself* to work for others, and the result will be what money cannot purchase It will be work with our Father to bring in His Kingdom, and He wants just such boyish service as these clubs can render.

EVIL-SPEAKING.

Our only sure rock of defence against evil-speaking is a firm Christian character. In the age of chivalry, when high-minded conduct and noble deeds were counted as the mark of true manhood, King Arthur, — so we read, — having drawn together the knighthood-errant of his realm and all the realms in that fair order of the Round Table, made them lay their hands in his, and swear —

> "To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
> To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
> *To speak no slander, — no! nor listen to it.*"

Those days of chivalry are indeed departed. But that pure religion taught and lived by Jesus Christ binds every disciple of his, by a still more sacred vow, —

> "To speak no slander, — no! nor listen to it."

May we strive, with God's help, to keep our hearts with all diligence, that we may speak only those words that are well-pleasing in His sight, — "with malice towards none, with perfect charity towards all mankind."

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

Father, we thank thee for the night,
And for the pleasant morning light;
For rest and food and loving care,
And all that makes the day so fair.
Help us to do the things we should;
To be to others kind and good.
In all we do, in work or play,
To love Thee better every day.

LITTLE LESSONS.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

Little May Seldon stood pouting by the window, her face as dark as the sky without, while tears trickled down and dropped on her pretty dress as fast as the rain-drops ran down the window-pane. "Oh, dear, it always rains when I want it to be pleasant! I think it's real mean, there!"

"My daughter," exclaimed her mamma, "do you know who it is that sends the rain? Surely, dear, you forget, in your great disappointment, that 'He doeth all things well.'"

"I know, Mamma, that was wrong; but oh, dear! I did so want Cousin Mary to come, and of course she can't in this deluge!" And the impatient tone betrayed a rebellious spirit within even more than the salty tears that still rolled like melted pearls over the rosy cheeks.

"It is hard to give up one's own sweet will, I very well know, my dear; but if I remember aright, you have enjoyed many sunshine pleasures already, in your not very lengthy life. If another time you would stop and think who sends the rain and the sunshine, you would refrain from such unguarded and wrong expressions of your impatience."

May ran to her mother's side, and hid her face on her shoulder; for the face that was ever patient with her wrong-doing had such a pained look, it went to the little heart and brought repentance.

"Mamma," she whispered, "ask God to forgive me. I know He sent the rain; and what should I do if He didn't? — my pansies would n't grow. But I did want it to be pleasant this afternoon!"

"Ask Him yourself, my love," answered Mrs. Seldon, "and then you will be helped to remember in future." May ran up to her pretty chamber, and we know she did not ask in vain; for it is written, "Ask, and ye shall receive."

The clouds broke away at sunset, and the golden glory of the twilight gave promise of a pleasant morrow. The morrow came, fair and beautiful, and by the late train the long-looked-for and ardently-greeted guests, — Aunt Mary and the dearly-loved and favorite of the family, Cousin Mary Hall. Her namesake, tears all dried, and the sunshine of happiness beaming in the bright eyes, and the music of gladness rippling in words of welcome and love from heart and lip, had already forgotten the disappointment that prevented their coming. Scarcely were the wraps and bonnets removed, when Mrs. Hall exclaimed, "Ellen, did you hear of the accident? What a mercy that we did not come yesterday, as we planned! We should have come, but I was afraid to venture in the rain, so soon after my illness. But if we had taken that train we should probably have been killed; for the depot-carriage that we would have been in was struck by a passing train at the cross-roads and broken to splinters, and the horse and driver were killed. We could not have escaped."

Mrs. Seldon grew very pale as she listened, while her eyes sought her daughter's face, as she whispered, "Thank God, you are safe!"

"Yes, we may be very grateful," said Mrs. Hall; "it was a merciful disappointment, — for it was one, — but all for the best. That driver, by the way, has left a poor little girl alone in the world; and I sent word for the little thing to be brought up to us when we return to-morrow. I could not bear to think of her being sent to the poor-farm, so I suppose we shall have to keep her. She is a dear little thing, a poor little lamb without shelter. By the way, bring me my bag, Maysie, before you go off with Mary. I have something in it for you."

May's eyes grew luminous. Aunt Mary's presents were always worth having. She often said to her mother, "Aunt Mary is the knowingest woman in the world. She always knows what I like better than I do myself." And her heart grew almost too big with expectancy for her little body to hold.

Out came bundle after bundle. At last, "There, dear," said the kind auntie, "there's many a rough kernel that has a precious heart besides that," — putting into her hand a rather queer-looking parcel.

May kissed and thanked her; while Aunt Mary laughingly called after her, as she flew away to examine her bundle, "Better wait till you see it before you give away your kisses; you may want them back again."

May sat down on the stairs, — her curiosity would not let her get further, — and peering into the dark wrapper saw a strange-looking sort of thing, she did n't know what. "What a horrid old thing!" she exclaimed. "Aunt Mary must have been fooling me! I guess there's a diamond ring or a little teenty watch like Kitty Mann's hidden under here somewhere, — must be. This is no present, — no kind of a present anyway to bring me from Europe." But no search brought to light the coveted treasures; nothing was there but the dry brown shells or rough knobs, that looked something like — as May said truly — "old dried-up potatoes." She was puzzled and amazed, but bore up bravely and said not a word till at the tea-table Aunt Mary asked, "How did you like your present, May?" Then with a flushed face she answered quietly, "I think you must have made a mistake, Auntie, and that you meant to give the potatoes to John for his own garden." Mrs. Hall laughed as she replied, "Very good, my dear. Give them to John to take care of for you; but the rest of my present is in the trunk that has just come. Perhaps you will want John to help you take care of that, too." And when she went up to go to bed, she found a pretty watch-case on the bureau holding a little watch that brought a scream of delight and a rapturous exclamation. The potatoes were forgotten, though Aunt Mary alluded to them once in a while, playfully reminding her little niece "that rough nuts had sometimes a sweet kernel; that hidden treasures were most valuable; that the heart of a thing was better than the outside," etc.

The visit was ended, delightful to the last; the parting sorrowful, but brightened by the hope of meeting again; the watch much prized, much admired, a constant joy and reminder of the dear absent ones. The little orphaned child had been received into Mrs. Hall's family and grew to be a petted inmate, till the illness of Mr. Hall made it necessary for Mrs. Hall to ask her sister to take charge of her till his recovery. Little Emma was a great delight to May, who often wished for a sister to share her pleasant home; and so attached to each other did the children become, it was easy to see that the right home for the orphan was with the Seldons, and there she remained.

One stormy day in March the little girls stood together at the window, watching the pouring rain. "It's too bad it rains so we can't go to poor Maggie Stone's, ain't it, May?"

"Well," said May, "we can go to-morrow; and it's all right if it does rain," she added, thoughtfully. After a time she began to speak slowly, as if she were reading a book, turning

leaf by leaf: "I remember, Emmie, oh, a long, long time ago, a day when I stood looking out just here, and feeling so angry because it rained! Aunt Mary Hall and Cousin Mary were coming; and I had not seen them for a long time, — they had been abroad, you know, — and I had so longed for that day! But Mamma said they would not come if it rained, because Aunt Mary had been sick. And it did rain, and it seemed as if I couldn't bear it; and they did n't come; and Mamma said I might see it was well, sometime, that I was disappointed. When they came the next day — it was that time when — when your father was — oh, don't cry, dear, I ought not to have reminded you of it. Dear Emmie, don't cry;" and she lovingly held her close as she went on. "Well, dear Auntie and Cousin Mary might have been killed, too, if they had come that day; and then, too, I never should have had you for my dear, dear sister, if your father had lived; and so, don't you see, dear Emmie, mother was right; I did see that whatever God sends is all right, even if we are disappointed, and I never have felt angry when it rains since; so don't let's mind. When we go to Maggie's to-morrow I am going to take her a pot of my Easter lilies. It will be Easter in three weeks now, you know, and she will so enjoy looking at them as they grow! They are full of buds. Only to think, Emmie, of those horrid old brown things that Auntie gave me being anything so lovely as Easter lilies, and my not knowing it for so long! How bad I felt, thinking that was my present! But I like them now, and deserve to be laughed at for scorning anything that was given me with love. And won't Maggie like the lilies!"

The sick girl lay on the bed she had not left for months.

"The world itself keeps Easter day,
And Easter bells are ringing."

The tall lilies silently rang their sweet chimes and shed their silver moonlight in the little room, while their beauty comforted the patient sufferer, till she slept and dreamed of the ladder reaching from earth to heaven, with angels ascending and descending, leading the weary ones up to the golden gate of that new city, where is no more pain, no tears, no death, but the everlasting peace of the Lamb that was slain. And the lilies, burst from the rough brown bulb into their Easter beauty, so fulfilled their mission; and the little seed of disappointment, sown in the rain, brought forth its fruit in due season.

The best Christian is also the best citizen. He who does his duty from day to day to the best of his power as he sees it; he who has a strong will, the servant of a tender conscience; he who loves and fears God with all his heart, and loves his neighbor as himself; he who in a pure and manly life of such services as he has it in his power to render to his fellow-men strives always, and with all his might, "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with his God," — that man, as he is a true Christian, so, also, is he a true patriot, a true supporter and defender of his country. Such a man need fear nothing. God will guard him from all evil in this life, or overrule it to his deeper blessedness; and when the last wave of death's river has closed over him, he shall hear the voice of his Saviour saying to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." — *Archdeacon Farrar.*

Our Book Table.

Class B.

Books for Intermediate Pupils.

Cathedral Days: A Tour through Southern England. By Anna Bowman Dodd. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1887. pp. 390 Price $2.00.

This book of travels may be commended to young readers who would like to know something about the history and present appearance of some of the great cathedrals of England. Much of the religious history of our mother-country is connected with these noble edifices, and the English cathedrals hold an important place in the history of religious art. Mrs. Dodd is good company and a delightful guide.

Daffodils. By A. D. T. W. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 131. Price $1.25.

The youthful readers of Mrs. Whitney's charming stories will find much to enjoy in this collection of the author's later poems. The theology in some of these poems is non-Unitarian, but the tender and devout spirit which the verses breathe will find its way to the reader's heart, in spite of such obstructions. The poems on Thomas J. Mumford and Henry W. Bellows will be sure of a welcome in all our churches.

Class C.

Books for Teachers and Adult Classes.

The Appeal to Life. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. pp. 339. Price $1.50.

This book is another welcome addition to the numerous volumes of good and inspiring sermons which publishers have been giving us during the present season. Mr. Munger is a Broad-Church Congregationalist in theology, but he speaks and writes in the interests of no special sect or school. The problems of thought and life which beset all earnest thinkers to-day are the themes of his discourses; and his thought, which is always suggestive, even when it is not convincing, is given in language of rare beauty and power.

A Book of Devotions and Meditations, with Responses, for Use in Children's Services and Sunday-Schools. Arranged by Alice E. Willson. London: The Sunday-School Association. pp. 54. Price 25 cents.

This little book is a praiseworthy attempt to combine religious and moral instruction with a liturgical form. Of course all prayer-books have something of this aim; but we think it is a mistake to make services of this kind so obviously didactic as Miss Willson has done. The work of the teacher should not be given over to the leader of the devotional exercises. When children unite in a responsive service of prayer, the voice of praise and aspiration should never be mingled with meditations on the value and importance of devotion.

How to Teach Reading, and What to Read in Schools. By G. Stanley Hall, Ph.D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Paper. pp. 40. Price 25 cents.

This little book belongs to Heath's excellent series of monographs on education. The second part of it, on what to read, we would earnestly commend to all Sunday-School superintendents and teachers, as well as to those parents who try to direct the reading of their children. They will find here many valuable suggestions and a clear statement of the *philosophy* of juvenile reading.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

June, the flower-month, has been a month of Flower Sundays and Children's Days. One of these Sundays the Editor spent in Hudson, Mass. Here he found a large and wide-awake Sunday-School, under the active leadership of Mr. Caleb L. Brigham. At the usual morning session of the school one unique feature was noticed. The *business* of the school was transacted as if the assembly of teachers and scholars were a miniature town-meeting. All had a vote and a voice in whatever was proposed. Under proper restrictions, this method of conducting the business affairs of a Sunday-School is commendable. It creates a common interest, and trains the young in the American way of transacting the larger affairs of the town, the State, and the nation.

At an early evening hour the exercises of the Floral Concert were held in the church. The recitations and part-songs by the pupils were well rendered, the christening of the children was very impressive, and the singing from the S. S. Hymnal by the whole School was exceptionally good.

The following Sunday, June 19, found the Editor with one of his former Schools, — that of the Third Religious Society in Dorchester. Here, as at Hudson, the services and songs from the new book were rendered with spirit and with a devout interest that was most gratifying. A peculiar feature of the Sunday-School hour was the recitation by classes of passages and chapters of Scripture which had been memorized during the year.

On the evening of the same Sunday the Editor attended the concert exercises at the Methodist Church in Newton. The Service for Children's Day published by the Congregational House was used, and proved to be very effective. It was delightful to listen to the good music composed for this service by Mr. Tufts, the King's Chapel organist, which is so superior in character to the music that is often given at these Sunday-School concerts. There is an unmistakable and welcome advance "all along the line" in the quality of Sunday-School hymns and tunes. It is a good sign of the times; and as the progress becomes still more general, the Sunday-School will gain not only in the dignity and elevation of its services, but in an increased fervor of devotion on the part of its members.

With the advent of the midsummer month nearly all of our city and suburban Sunday-Schools, with not a few of the country Schools, are closed until the autumn. Let us hope that teachers and pupils will use the vacation weeks to good advantage, and on vacation Sundays not forget the church service wherever they may be temporarily sojourning. The result of Sunday-School training and habits should be to make both young and old more constant attendants upon the worship and instructions of the Church.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

Will be published once a fortnight during the Sunday-school year, from September to August, — twenty-three numbers to the yearly volume.

The uniform subscription price of Every Other Sunday is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.